

MAJOR SALMON'S WAR STORY.

The Thrilling Experience of a Recruit in the Civil War.

St. Louis Republic

The scene at the Union Station last Monday night, when the First Battery left for the South, awakened in many of those present memories of the days of the Civil War. Mingled with those who witnessed such stirring scenes for the first time, were veterans of the war. The former listened eagerly, while the latter revelled in reminiscences, as they waited for the train that brought the boys from the barracks.

In the crowd was Major Harvey Salmon, of Clinton, Mo. Friends were gathered around him. Strangers, jostled by the surging mass of people, picked their ears to hear war stories.

"I was a youngster at the outbreak of the war," Major Salmon was heard to say. "We Missouri boys who wanted to join the Confederate army went in a very different manner from what our brave lads are going to-day. We had to steal our way through the lines in the dead of night, on horses that we picked up wherever we could. Many a fellow was killed before he got into the ranks across the lines, and years after his bones were found bleached to snowy whiteness in the spot where his body was thrown by those who had shot him down. We found all that was left of a nephew of mine in an old house. Rats had gnawed the flesh off his bones; only clothes identified him.

"My first engagement, you say? There were so many of them I could not tell just now which was the first, but I had an experience in the early part of the war that I will never forget. I was with General Price at Lexington, Mo., when he drove Mulligan inside the fortifications in September, 1861. The Federals had fortified the town and it was rumored about our camp that they intended to surprise and rout us. The most strenuous picket watch was kept night and day. I was called out of a sound sleep shortly after I had retired one night in September and told to go out beyond the second picket and keep close watch. My instructions were to shoot down the first man who hove in sight and then retreat to the second picket. It was one of those hazy autumn nights common to that part of the country. There was no moon, but the stars twinkled through the gloom, and every now and then one fell, trailing a thin streak of light behind.

"One hundred and fifty yards from camp alone and on a mission that involved the utmost vigilance was the easiest task for a youngster. My brain was on fire with excitement. I walked up and down a slender path, from where I had an excellent look out over the country, a fine, timbered section, near Lexington.

"My eyes were strained out of their sockets almost, and my ears must have stood away from my head, so eager was I to catch the slightest sound. The leaves rustled in the wind, and now and then a branch crackled under the weight of a slumbering bird. I imagined all sorts of things. The war was young then, and we weren't seasoned and hardened in experience. A fellow's imagination gets very vivid, and he is liable to see all sorts of things that he is expected to see and watch out for.

"Loss of sleep, unusual excitement and a feverish desire not to be caught napping made me all the more fearful of being trapped. Just as I was turning at the end of the beaten track I saw a man coming toward a fence. I leveled my double-barrel, ready to do as I was told, when the fellow set his foot on the fence. I expected to see him jump over the next minute, but he seemed to hesitate. He may be watching me, I thought, looking steadily at him and covering every movement he might make with my gun. I refrained from shooting only because I did not want to raise the commotion which my shot would entail without being absolutely sure of my business.

"It seemed to me that I stood for hours glued to the spot. There was that fence, that man with his foot on it, ready to swing his body over, that intense longing to shoot, yet a sort of sober afterthought bidding me to wait until he made another move. The move never came.

"Gradually dawn crept over the timber. At its faint rays I felt relieved. Now I would see my man more plainly. He, too, would see me and do something more than rest his foot on the fence rail.

"The stars withdrew one by one, and all at once there was no fence, no man—not even a stump that looked like a man. My eyes ached from the strain of gazing at that one imaginary object, peering through the darkness to see it come toward me.

"Yes, it was an intense relief to find that I had been mistaken, but it was a matter of still greater congratulation to me that I had not been beguiled into rousing the entire camp from its

peaceful slumber by the creatures of my over vivid imagination.

"Was I frightened, you ask? I won't deny that I was badly frightened, and that reminds me of a fellow in my company who once gave appropriate answer to a crowd of soldiers who made all manner of fun of him because he trembled like an aspen leaf as they were going to battle.

"Boys," said he, "if you trembled as I do, you'd end run." I tell you, this sense of fear on the eve of what is probably certain death is nothing to be ashamed of, nor anything to wonder at. Lincoln, one of the greatest of all men, appreciated this fear. I remember the case of a young fellow, whose name I might tell you, if I did not think it wrong. Just before one of the bloodiest engagements fought during the late war he ran away. He was caught, court-martialed and condemned to be shot. His friends sought President Lincoln's interference, but before they had a chance to reach him, Stanton and Holt went to him and told him that an example must be made in the case of the young fellow, that he must be shot as a warning to others.

"Lincoln was very serious and shook his head doubtfully.

"Stanton," he said, "have you ever been to war?"

"No," said Stanton, "I never have."

"Have you Holt?" persisted Lincoln.

"I have not had that privilege, Mr. President," answered Holt.

"Well, I have," was Lincoln's rejoinder. "I was in the Black Hawk war, and I know what fear is. I will not have a man shot because he runs away in the face of almost certain annihilation. You may punish him some other way, but I will not permit you to shoot him."

A Romance of the War.

"The day before Gen. Lee surrendered," said a Confederate officer the other day, "I crossed Sailor's Creek, a small stream in Prince Edward County, Virginia, which follows the track of the Richmond & Danville Railroad and empties into the Appomattox River.

"There was only a handful of my company left, and as I reached the summit of the hill which skirts its eastern bank I turned to see if the Federals—who had been hotly pursuing us—were in view. As I did so I observed a man wearing the uniform of a Confederate officer ride slowly along the precipitous side of the stream opposite us, and evidently searching for a crossing.

"At this moment all steel-tipped blue line of Federal infantry crowned the hill above, in full view and within easy range of the horseman. Apparently abandoning all hope of escape, the latter turned and rode directly towards the enemy's line. As we watched him, breathless with anxiety lest the signal of surrender should be too long delayed, he suddenly wheeled about, put spurs to his horse, and dashing down the declivity, cleared the stream with a bound.

"Not a shot was fired at the bold rider. As he reached the opposite bank a spontaneous shout went up from the whole line—a generous tribute from the brave to the brave. A moment afterward the Confederate was in the midst of us, and we recognized in him Gen. James A. Walker, the commander of the old Stonewall brigade."

Swallowed a Hole.

The other day Jimmie, 4 years old, found one of those bone-rimmed circles which, I believe, ladies call eye-lets, and, while playing in the garden, swallowed it. The family were in the house busily engaged with a work on entomology, when Jimmie ran in, with mouth wide open, and eyes distended to their utmost capacity. His mother caught him by the arm, and trembling with that deep anxiety which only a mother can feel, inquired:

"What is the matter? What has happened?"

"Water!" gasped little Jimmie, nearly scared to death.

It was brought him, when, after drinking copiously, he exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, I swallowed a hole!"

"Swallowed a hole, Jimmie?"

"Yes, mother, swallowed a hole, with a piece of ivory around it!"

A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees developed their foliage in springtime. "Ah, yes," said the wee miss, "I understand; they keep their summer clothes in their trunks."

No Cause for Alarm.

Yellow fever cannot affect the body if the digestion, blood and bowels are healthy. Put yourself in this condition by taking Prickly Ash Bitters; it is the greatest system cleaner and regulator on earth. Sold at Evans Pharmacy.

SQUAN CREEK FOLK.

Jep Jones Tells How a Church Choir Upset the Town.

Our church had been runnin' along fur fifteen years without any trouble, except that some folks didn't pay their pew rent until the last dog was hung. We didn't sing nuthin but old fashioned hymns, but Deacon Spooner allus give us the key with his tunin-fork and everybody sung fur all he wuz worth. With the doors and windows open on a summer day, our singin' of "Rock of Ages" could be heard clear across to Porpoise Island. Nobody was finding the least bit of fault, when a widder woman named Scott arrived at Squan Creek to pass the summer with her cousin. She was sort of tony and stuck up, and after she had attended church once she got at the preacher to have a quire. At first his hair stood up at the thought of it, and he says to her:

"It would never, never do. The people wouldn't stand it, and the Lord would be agin' it."

But the widder was a persistent woman, and she hung right to him, and talked and argued till he seen things differently. He finally give his consent for her to organize a quire, and then the ruction begun. Everybody had been singing as loud as he could, and either long meter or short meter, and nobody was going to give up without a kick. When Deacon Spooner heard of the idea he banged his tunin fork agin the gate post till the singin' of it was heard all over town, and said:

"I've bin leadin the singin in this town fur fifteen long years, and never pitched a tune too high nor too low. If the Lord hadn't bin pleased with my singin' I should hev heard of it long ago. Them church quires is an invention of Satan. It's the first step towards bustin up a church, and hevin the pastor hung for murder and the deacons sent to State prison for highway robbery. If thar's anything of the sort set a-goin' in Squan Creek I shall set out and move away inside of a week, fur ye may look fur the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah right here."

One of our best singers was Mose Perkins. He had a mouth on him like a hole in a highway bridge, and a voice which would carry five miles agin a gale. When he stood up to sing he drew a long breath, spit on his hands and let 'er go, and if he happened to be feeling purty good he kept on singin till somebody give him a kick as a hint to shut off steam. He kinder felt that jealousy would keep him out of that quire, and he went around sayin:

"I ain't braggin to anybody that my singin has been the means of keepin up our church and savin ten or fifteen souls a year, but I kin lay my hand on my heart and say that when you don't hear no voice any more you'll find lobsters and crabs gittin powerful skeered."

When the widder took hold to organize the quire she called fur all the singers to meet and sing, and then the ruction grew into a row. She asked Abijah Andrews to sing a verse of "The Sweet By and By," and he rose up and tied four different tunes in a hard knot. He was after more tunes to mix in when she sweetly says to him:

"Mr. Andrews, I will sing with you, and you may try the bass, if you will."

In singin four lines Abijah hit the bass, tenor, alto and all other sorts, and finished with a rumble that almost cracked the plaster. He was told to stand aside, and he went down to Dan Parker's grocery and said to the assembled multitude:

"A free born son of Liberty and an American patriot has bin turned down and jumped on, and if sunthin ain't done about it you'll never see another wreck come ashore on this beach. I call upon ye to rise and throw off the yoke of despotism."

It was the same with Joe Saunders, Friday Bobee, Good Intent Jones and three or four other men. They had bin singin away fur 15 years, and thought every note of it went straight up to heaven as a sort of advertisement for Squan Creek, but it didn't take the widder five minutes to turn 'em down. She said it had bin all whoopin' and bellerin instead of singin, and that they didn't know a note from a dog bark. Each of 'em went forth to talk about tyranny, despotism, 1776 and the enterin wedges of Satan; and red-hot times had come upon us. The women was wuss than the men. Joab Henderson's wife had bin sort of leading the female side in church singin, and durin the 15 years she'd gradually loosened every tooth in her head. She sang for the widder Scott, and she put her hull soul into it and calkerlated that half the angels in heaven was clapping their hands in applause, but when she got through the widder said:

"Mrs. Henderson, if this was grand opera you'd be in it up to the ears, but your voice is too powerful fur a quire. You'd hev to git it down where it might break in two on you and be no further good."

She up and told about 10 of 'em the same thing, and the hull crowd was

tiskled to death at first, but it presently got out that the widder was geyin, and then there was no goin to bed before midnight. A quire of six was finally got together and one Sunday it was announced that they would do the singin. Then the row grew into a rebellion. Word was passed around and so many folks turned out fur church that the pews wouldn't hold 'em. When it got along to the singin we all had our eyes on Deacon Spooner. He was there and he had his tunin-fork all ready. Once in awhile he would roll his eyes up to the ceiling as if askin the Lord to forgive him fur what he was about to do, but at the same time he was calm and determined.

After awhile the preacher gave out the hymn: "We Shall Meet Beyond the River." At the same time everybody outside the quire turned to "I'm Going Home To-Morrow." As the quire started in the Deacon banged his tunin-fork agin his pew and opened his mouth, and two different tunes was bin sung at once. Mebbe you kin imagine what sort of a high-jinks performance that was. Every singer in the quire screamed as loud as he could, and everyone outside of it used all the breath he had. Children left at home that day flew under the bed and went into fits when they heard that noise, and over at South Shore, four miles away, the preacher stopped in his sermon as he got the sound of the racket and said to his congregation:

"Brothers and sisters, it seems that they are playing baseball over at Squan Creek on this holy day. Not only that, but the hull population has probably turned out to mob and murder the poor umpire."

When the quire and the congregation had finished its hymn, both sides sat down. The preacher was awfully upset, and the best he could do was to preach a sermon about 15 minutes long. There ought to hev bin more singin, but there wasn't. He was about to close up with the Doxology, but he looked up and saw that the Widder Scott had her jaw set, and he looked down and saw Deacon Spooner, with his tunin-fork all ready, and so he calmly said:

"May the Lord bless Squan Creek and make it a good fishin' season; and now amen, and we'll go home."

The quire went all to pieces after that day, and there was nobody left to oppose congregational singin; but the town had bin upset and could git over it in a day. Even to this date, which is over five years, if one of the quire-folks asks one of the congregational singers fur a chaw of terbacker, he meets with a prompt refusal and istold to go to grass on top of that.—*M. Quad, in St. Louis Republic.*

Wall street, New York, derives its name from the city wall that formerly ran along it, the land to the North being mostly in pasture. It is about half a mile long.

S. M. Geary, Pierson, Meib, writes: "De Witt's Little Early Riser is curing more piles here to day than all other remedies combined. It cures eczema and all other skin diseases. Evans Pharmacy."

"Mrs. Grimes, lend me your tub." "Can't do it—the hoops are off—it's full of suds; besides, I never had one—I washes in a barrel."

"One Minute Cough Cure is the best preparation I have ever sold or used, and I can't say too much in its praise. L. M. Kennon, Merchant, Odell, Ga." Evans Pharmacy.

Be always exactly what you think other people ought to be. Then there will be at least one nearly perfect person in the world.

The Cuban question and political issues—into what confusion with the man who suffers from piles. What the all other remedies combined. It cures eczema and all other skin diseases. Evans Pharmacy.

Washing is done in Japan by getting into a boat, and letting the garments to be washed drag after the boat by a long string.

The human machine starts but once and stops but once. You can keep it going longest and most regularly by using De Witt's Little Early Riser, the famous kidney pills for constipation and all stomach and liver troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

Men have not altered materially since Shakespeare said, "To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one picked out of 10,000."

S. E. Parker, Sharon, Wis., writes: "I have tried De Witt's Little Early Riser ever since they were introduced here, and must say I have never used any pills in my family during forty years of house keeping that gave such satisfactory results as a laxative or cathartic." Evans Pharmacy.

It is estimated that the nerves, with branches and minute ramifications connecting with the brain, exceed ten million.

Late to bed and early to rise, prepares a man for his home in the skies. Early to bed and a Little Early Riser, the pill that makes life longer and better and wiser. Evans Pharmacy.

No North or South.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—The House to-day passed the Senate bill to remove the political disabilities imposed by the third section of the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution. Congressman Lacey, of Iowa, in advocating the bill, eloquently referred to the magnificent spectacle presented to the country by the Ex-Confederate General, Wheeler, who is on leave of absence from the House, in the army of a reunited country, a man whose political disabilities were removed by special Act of Congress. He said that the political disabilities of all Ex-Confederates should now be removed.

Congressman Bailey, of Texas, the Democratic leader, declared that Gen. Wheeler has no leave of absence, and ought not to be granted leave of absence to serve in the army. He asserted that holding a commission in the army and a seat in the House at the same time cannot be regarded as constitutional.

Congressman McMillan, of Tennessee, interrupted him with the statement: "Gen. Wheeler is loved by every member of this House for going to the front to serve his country. I would not object to granting leave of absence to any man in this House who might want to go and place his body before the fire of the enemy."

Gen. Grosvenor, of Ohio, then delivered a magnificent non-partisan, patriotic speech, which electrified the House. In part, he said: "I know that Gen. Wheeler went forth in the spirit of unsullied and unalloyed patriotism. Gen. Wheeler came into the ways and means committee room the day before he left and said he only wanted to get a few papers. He said he had never franked a single document since his appointment and you know there could not be any higher evidence of Wheeler's sacrifice."

Gen. Grosvenor spoke feelingly of the spectacle of the united country crying: "My country, my flag, North and South." He said all the nations of the world are looking at our grand reunion. "I shall vote to wipe off this law from our statutes, and I am grateful to Almighty God that I have seen this day. So help me God I will try to forget that there was any necessity for such a law."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Chamberlain's Pain Balm has no equal as a household liniment. It is the best remedy known for rheumatism, lame back, neuralgia; while for sprains, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds and sore throat, it is invaluable. Wertz & Pike, merchants, Fernandina, Fla. write: "Everyone who buys a bottle of Chamberlain's Remedies, comes back and says it is the best medicine he has ever used." 25 and 50 cents per bottle at Hill-Orr Drug Co.

When the last account reached us, Miss Sallie West, the young lady at West Springs who is persisting in her refusal to eat, had reached the 33rd day without breaking her resolution. Her friends have lost all hope of her recovery, and she is rapidly weakening, of course, having been in bed for some time. Several years ago a New York man as an experiment, existed 40 days without eating, on a wager, and this case was the most extended known to medical science.—*Union New Era.*

The towns of Ramona and Lost Springs, Kansas, have each a population of about 200. Neither town contains an idle man or boy, a tippler, a dog, an unoccupied house, or a place where liquor is sold.

Crippled by Rheumatism.

Those who have Rheumatism find themselves growing steadily worse all the while. One reason of this is that the remedies prescribed by the doctors contain mercury and potash, which ultimately intensify the disease by causing the joints to swell and stiffen, producing a severe aching of the bones. S. S. S. has been curing Rheumatism for twenty years—even the worst cases which seemed almost incurable.

Capt. O. E. Hughes, the popular railroad conductor, of Columbia, S. C., had an expert case with Rheumatism which convinced him that there is only one cure for that painful disease. He says: "I was a great sufferer from muscular Rheumatism for two years. I could get no relief from medical treatment, and I was nearly cured by your S. S. S., and now I am as well as I ever was, and I can assure that your medicine cured me, and I would recommend it to any one suffering from any blood disease."

Everybody knows that Rheumatism is a diseased state of the blood, and only a blood remedy is the only proper treatment, but a remedy containing potash and mercury only aggravates the trouble.

S. S. S. For Blood

being Purely Vegetable, goes direct to the very cause of the disease and a permanent cure always results. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no potash, mercury or other dangerous minerals.

* Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

W. G. McGEE

SURGEON DENTIST.

OFFICE—ront Rm., ovs. Farmers and Merchants Bank.

ANDERSON, S. C.

Feb. 9, 1891

NOTICE.

IF the Notes and Accounts due the Estate of A. S. Stephens are not settled immediately, they will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

SOMETHING NEW



THE FARMERS LOAN AND TRUST CO.

Is Now Ready for Business. Money to Lend at Reasonable Rates. Interest Paid on Deposits.

The Farmers Loan and Trust Co. will act as Executor, Administrator or Trustee of Estates and Guardian for Minors.

NINE rich men in South Carolina out of every ten commenced life poor. They became rich by spending less than they made. No one gets rich who does not spend less than he makes. Any young man can do this. The man who will not save a portion of a small salary or earnings each month or each year. The man who spends all he makes. The boy who saves something every month will be promoted before the boy who spends all he makes. True manhood is required in industry, economy and integrity cause prosperity—not luck or good fortune. For reasonable interest and absolute security deposit your savings in the Farmers Loan and Trust Co. Office at the Farmers and Merchants Bank.

DIRECTORS. GEO. W. EVANS, Vice President. JNO. C. WATKINS, President. R. S. HILL, President. HENRY P. MCGEE, S. J. WATSON, WM. LAUGHLIN, E. P. SLOAN, J. BOYCE BURRIS, Assistant Cashier. J. E. WAKEFIELD, Jr., Book Keeper.

O. D. ANDERSON & BRO.

WANTED CASH. Got to have it. Roll 'em out—Short Profits.

Seed Oats, Corn, Timothy Hay, Bran, Molasses, in Car Lots.

Can fill any size order—compare prices.

CAR HALF PAT. FLOUR.

Bought 50c. under market. Sell same way. Lower grades \$3.90 per barrel.

We Want Your Business, Large or Small.

Wanted at once, 1,000 bushels Molasses Cane Seed, and all your Peas, Raw Hides, green and dry, Tallow, Beeswax, Eggs, Cc. Pay you equal cash. Get prices and look at our stuff. Will save you money on Corn, Hay and your barrel Molasses. All kinds Seed Irish Potatoes.

O. D. ANDERSON & BRO.

A baby girl, born in Belfast, Me., upon the Saturday night that Dewey won his memorable battle, has been named Manila Dewey.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Condensed schedule in Effect June 12, 1891.

STATIONS.	Ex. Run. No. 17.	Daily No. 11.
Lv. Charleston	7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.
Lv. Columbia	11:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Lv. Greenville	1:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.
Lv. Newberry	3:15 p.m.	3:15 p.m.
Lv. Ninety-Six	4:05 p.m.	4:05 p.m.
Lv. Greenwood	7:10 a.m.	7:10 a.m.
Lv. Abbeville	8:05 a.m.	8:05 a.m.
Lv. Belton	8:25 a.m.	8:25 a.m.
Lv. Anderson	8:35 a.m.	8:35 a.m.
Lv. Columbia	9:55 a.m.	9:55 a.m.
Lv. Atlanta	8:55 a.m.	8:55 a.m.

STATIONS.	Ex. Run. No. 18.	Daily No. 12.
Lv. Greenville	5:50 p.m.	5:50 p.m.
Lv. Columbia	8:10 p.m.	8:10 p.m.
Lv. Charleston	10:10 a.m.	10:10 a.m.
Lv. Belton	6:50 p.m.	6:50 p.m.
Lv. Anderson	6:55 p.m.	6:55 p.m.
Lv. Ninety-Six	7:15 p.m.	7:15 p.m.
Lv. Greenwood	7:45 p.m.	7:45 p.m.
Lv. Greenville	12:25 p.m.	12:25 p.m.
Lv. Columbia	1:40 p.m.	1:40 p.m.
Lv. Charleston	2:50 p.m.	2:50 p.m.

STATIONS.	Ex. Run. No. 19.	Daily No. 13.
Lv. Charleston	6:40 p.m.	6:40 p.m.
Lv. Columbia	9:00 p.m.	9:00 p.m.
Lv. Greenville	11:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Lv. Newberry	12:50 p.m.	12:50 p.m.
Lv. Ninety-Six	1:40 p.m.	1:40 p.m.
Lv. Greenwood	4:50 p.m.	4:50 p.m.
Lv. Abbeville	5:40 p.m.	5:40 p.m.
Lv. Belton	6:00 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
Lv. Anderson	6:10 p.m.	6:10 p.m.
Lv. Columbia	7:30 p.m.	7:30 p.m.
Lv. Atlanta	8:30 p.m.	8:30 p.m.

STATIONS.	Ex. Run. No. 20.	Daily No. 14.
Lv. Greenville	5:50 p.m.	5:50 p.m.
Lv. Columbia	8:10 p.m.	8:10 p.m.
Lv. Charleston	10:10 a.m.	10:10 a.m.
Lv. Belton	6:50 p.m.	6:50 p.m.
Lv. Anderson	6:55 p.m.	6:55 p.m.
Lv. Ninety-Six	7:15 p.m.	7:15 p.m.
Lv. Greenwood	7:45 p.m.	7:45 p.m.
Lv. Greenville	12:25 p.m.	12:25 p.m.
Lv. Columbia	1:40 p.m.	1:40 p.m.
Lv. Charleston	2:50 p.m.	2:50 p.m.

Lv. Ninety-Six.....	12 23 p m	Ar Charlotte, ".....	*7 60 am	*10 50 pm
" Newberry.....	1 30 p m	Ar Chester, ".....	*8 08 am	10 50 pm
" Prosperity.....	1 40 p m	Lv Columbia, C. N. & L. R. R.....		16 00 pm
Ar. Columbia.....	2 50 p m			
Ar. Charleston.....	6 40 p m			
Daily Daily	Daily Daily	Ar Clinton S. A. L.....	9 45 am	*12 11 pm
No. 9 No. 13	No. 14 No. 10	Ar Greenwood.....	10 35 am	1 07 pm
STATIONS.	STATIONS.	Ar Abbeville, ".....	11 08 am	1 51 pm